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EDITORIAL

ome things just go together perfectly.

Morecambe and Wise. Ham and mustard.
Beef and horseradish. Strawberries and cream. Yes, we're aware that most of those are food-based. And the same goes with girls. Dani is all well and good on her own, plays nicely with other girls, but something special happens when we pair her with Lexi Lowe. Great Brits, both of them. Elsewhere this issue we've got five debuts in total, and a genuine world famous pornstar gracing the centre. Club and the world's finest girls – yep, they go together pretty well too...

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LETTERSTOTHELQUNGE

Send your letters to: The Editor, Club International, The Lounge Suite, 23 Lyon Road, Hersham, KT12 3PU or email clubint@paulraymond.com. Best letter published every month gets £50

Dear Club.

When are you going to do a big pull out poster of Dani and a competition to win her used panties? I've been fantasising over sniffing the scent in her panties and I've also got this fantasy of Dani being my sex phone chat girl...

Dani, I would buy several pairs of your used panties in lots of different colours and materials, and when I was feeling horny I

would put on your video, look at all your pictures in *Club*, and play with the sexy panties you sent me. I would work myself for ages looking at your stunning body, suck the gusset of your panties, and gently pull the fabric of your knickers over my swollen circumcised bell end.

The sensation feels incredible, and just as I'm about to cum I'd stop and touch my helmet and work myself, then I would choose

another pair of your panties and do the same thing. Fucking hell – it drives my crazy, my balls are aching by now and I still haven't cum because I want you to make me cum. I would ring you up and tell you what I have just been doing, you would call me a dirty pervert and tell me I'm not allowed to cum until you have.

I'm desperate to spunk by now and I'm begging you to let me cum but you say that if I do you will hang up on me, and I'll just have to wait. You just love teasing me, don't you? You tell me that you are lying back on the bed wearing nothing but a silky pink thong and its sopping wet with your pussy cream and you're going to send it to me to wank into.

Please Dani, I can't take it any more, let me cum! 'No!' you say, 'You can listen to me finger myself, though,' and you put the phone next to your slippery cunt and finger fuck yourself and play with your clit. 'Can you hear that?' you say in your sexiest voice, 'Is your cock aching, is there cum dribbling from the tip? Just imagine my face inches from your cock right now, I'd gently caress your balls and wrap my gentle fingers round your stiff prick and lick and kiss the end of your throbbing dick and you'd watch my face as you were doing it.'

You're getting me really turned on now, my cock is ready to burst – please Dani can I cum now? 'No, not yet,' you moan, 'I want you to spunk in my black panties as soon as you have heard me cum and I have licked all my pussy cream off my fingers.' I'm fucking desperate by now and you know it. You're nearing your climax and you are getting off on the thought of me getting ready to spunk in your knickers, and driving me totally mad with frustration.

You feel your climax building: 'I'm going to cum now, you pervert,' you say as you rub your clit, 'I'm cumming, I'm cumming. Oh yes I'm cumming!' your cunt erupts and you moan in ecstasy. 'Oh yes, you fucking pervert!' you'd say as you scoop out your pussy cream with your fingers and I can hear you lick it off. You still make me wait as you take your time scooping out your juices and noisily sucking them off your fingers.

'Cum in my panties now, you pervert!' you order me and I immediately start to shoot my load – fucking hell the relief is incredible! 'Give me all your spunk,' you say, 'I want every last drop in my knickers.' I'm still cumming, there's a spunk puddle in your knickers, oh fuck!



A WELCOME IN THE VALLEYS!

Dear Club,

Many Welsh women are forced into prostitution because of the high cost of living. They are forced to sell their bodies on the streets of Newport and Cardiff. They have no inhibition or guilt about their occupation. Frequently they accost or importune for trade. I am often approached by those pursuing the world's oldest profession. In the circumstances I have no alternative but to draw this to your attention,

as I have often been tempted by these people. There is power in the darkness after all.

Yours sincerely, lwan, Mid-Glam

Well, Iwan, many thanks for bringing this pressing matter to our attention. We haven't visited Wales in some time, but sounds like the time is ripe...



NINA OUT OF TEN!

Dear Club,

Damn, *Club*, Nina is the one! There were a couple of sensational debuts that caught my attention in the last issue of *Club* (Issue 44/4) but her photos were the ones that held that attention. The beautiful close-up shots really captured her natural beauty and I felt like I was in the pictures. Let's have her again, please. *Morgan, Fulham*

We're delighted you were as taken with Nina's undeniable charms as we were, Morgan. With the right photo she'd definitely have graced the cover, so we're definitely hoping to bring her back soon.

More and more spunk erupts. It feels amazing to cum after you have been teasing me for so long, your knickers are soaking with spunk. I nearly pass out with pleasure, the feeling of relief is absolutely amazing.

'Is that all your spunk?' you'd say. Fucking hell, Dani, your black panties are now more spunky white than black. 'Good, now I want you to lick up every last drop, lick my knickers clean!' you order me. Fuck this I'm off for another wank over your latest pics. I know your pussy is wet thinking of my fantasy, isn't it? So why not make it reality?

James, Uttoxeter

PHOTOS: TWISTYS EXCLUSIVE ARIANA Who needs clothes?



t's a good thing that Ariana lives in a pretty secluded street, and far back from the road. After all, she does have a habit of gazing out of the window while wearing bugger all. We're not saying we've got binoculars trained on her house, but if we lived in that area, we'd be walking the dog past her's a lot.

"I feel so restricted by clothes," she says. "If I had the choice I'd never get dressed. Imagine that - no washing, no ironing and easy access to my pussy whenever I want it."

What about the postman?

"Well, if he's open-minded, he'll be fine. And if he's not, he'll soon learn to be."

And when you go outside?

"Well, I'd get dressed. I'm not an idiot who wants to be arrested. But inside my four walls? I'd happily never wear another stitch!" 🌲















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FREEXXXMAG



World Snooker Championships

The Crueble, Sheffeld =

he weather's getting nicer and people should be out and about, going for walks in the country, for example, or playing Swingball with the wife. Committed armchair sports fans will no doubt have different plans though, as Spring is the season of the World Snooker Championships, a tournament that sees pasty-faced unhealthylooking types assemble in their droves on sofas across the UK's living rooms and in Sheffield's Crucible Theatre, often for many hours, to view similarly pastyfaced and unhealthy-looking types 'pot' different coloured balls into pockets in the name of entertainment. Seriously, I don't want to be there when this one has to be explained to our future Martian overlords...

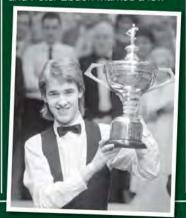
Pointless, drab, genius or otherwise, the fact is that when Dennis Taylor, wearing stupid big upside-down glasses, pumped his cue above his head

Snooker, Martians, Jimmy White's weave and the Premier League. Matt Loxham's latest attempt to write about sport results in the usual sort of bollocks...

after beating Steve Davis in the deciding frame of a thrilling 1985 final in front of an estimated UK audience of 18.5 million, the World Snooker Championships was elevated to one of the national treasures of the British sporting calendar.

The fondly remembered 'Jimmy White Years', which saw a hugely popular yet particularly unfortunate Londoner contrive to lose finals to a dour Scot cum villain by the name of Stephen Hendry, only served to strengthen the tournament's appeal, and when exciting Ronnie 'The Rocket' O'Sullivan blasted on to the scene audiences looked set to soar even further – but then the bubble suddenly burst.

Ronnie became a rare respite, providing much-needed entertainment during what were mostly years of abject tedium. The old guard were usurped largely by a group of boring young men who frowned and grimaced their way to po-faced victories. The famously turgid 2006 final between Graeme Dott and Peter Ebdon marked a low



point for the championships; a marathon clash that saw audience members falling asleep as it meandered towards a past-midnight conclusion that nobody even cared about, mirroring the events of the Taylor-Davis final some 20 years earlier. O'Sullivan then threatened to leave the sport, a balding Jimmy White resorted to a bad weave – it was all going to shit...

So where are we now then? Well I'm happy to report that snooker is in fact not going to shit any more. After several more dalliances with retirement, Rocket Ronnie recently hinted at an ambition to beat Stephen Hendry's record of seven World Championship wins (he currently has five), meaning the Essex Exocet could be gracing the green baize for years to come. Granted, he did recently criticise the Welsh Open for having an atmosphere like a 'car boot sale' and had a go at a photographer during a match at the same event, but O'Sullivan has never been a shrinking violet and the game is better for it.

Perhaps the most important thing about present day snooker, however, is that it's not all about one man any more, with potters such as defending world champion Mark Selby and recent Masters winner Neil Robertson establishing themselves as firm favourites in their own right. Despite a recent dip in form, Ding Junhui attracts a huge amount of interest from his legion of fans in China, and the renaissance of

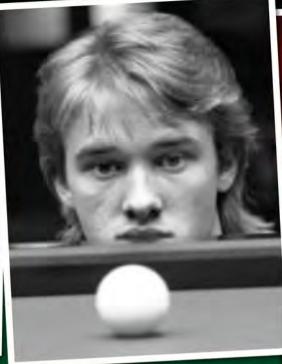


veterans such as John Higgins and Mark Williams brings texture to the field.

As only the top sixteen ranked players now qualify automatically to play at The Crucible, a raft of potential champions and former legends will be required to battle through three gruelling qualifying rounds. Jimmy White and his weave, rising Chinese star Xiao Guodong, Steve Davis, and recent Welsh Open finalist Ben Woollaston were all set to take part at the time of writing, along with - rather worryingly - Peter Ebdon and Graeme Dott, with the whole of Sheffield placed on suicide watch as a precaution. On a much more positive front, ten time women's World Champion Reanne Evans was also due to mix it with the men in a bid to secure a place at The Crucible, and this in a sport where some snooker clubs still don't allow women to play. So the game is back in good health and things aren't so po-faced any more, but there's still plenty of room for progress...

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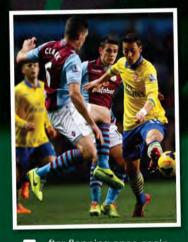






Premier League Season Finale

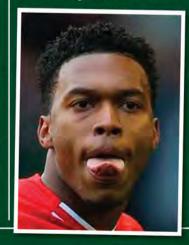
Various Venues = 24th May



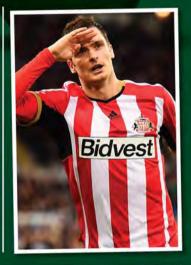
fter flopping once again in European competition this season, the strength of the Premier League is very much under scrutiny. It makes for pretty miserable reading for English football fans, but at the last-16 stage of the Champions League Chelsea crashed out to Paris Saint-Germain, Manchester City were at times worryingly outplayed and outclassed by Barcelona, Arsenal floundered inexplicably against Monaco, and to make matters worse Liverpool didn't even get out of their qualifying group - honestly, what a fucking shower.

Down in the second-tier Europa League things went from bad to worse. Spurs were squashed by Fiorentina and Liverpool were subjected to further ignominy, this time at the hands of Turkish side Besiktas. Everton at least did manage to beat a team of Young Boys from Switzerland on their run, marking a rare triumph on the continent for our domestic game. No wonder then, that the oft-cited and clearly misguided 'World's Best League' mantra is being thoroughly questioned by the world's media. Most exciting, unpredictable and passionate? Possibly. But when it comes to consistently competing with the best teams in Europe, and even some of the more mediocre ones, the present luminaries of the Premier League are slipping down the pecking order.

Happily, all this negative shit is likely to be temporarily glossed over as the domestic campaign reaches its climax, with reigning champions Manchester City and last season's runners-up Chelsea set to go head-to-head once again, the latter having the edge in the battle for the big prize. While the race for Premier League success looks



a fairly straightforward two club shoot-out, the clamour for those all-important Champions League places is less clear-cut. After an arduous season where they've been panned by pundits and even booed by their own fans, Manchester United have somehow managed to doggedly crawl out the other end with a chance of qualification along with Arsenal, who find themselves having the same kind of season they always seem to have sometimes stunning, sometimes awful, mostly good enough but without the bollocks required to



Spurs are locked in some kind of weird Groundhog Season, repeatedly missing out on the Champions League while Arsenal make it"

really challenge for the title.

Nipping at their heels are Liverpool, finding their feet, and Spurs, who like Arsenal seem to be locked in some kind of weird 'Groundhog Season', albeit theirs comes with a nightmarish narrative that sees them repeatedly missing out on the Champions League whilst their hated North London rivals make the grade. Not even Bill Murray could make that palatable. Surprise package Southampton are on the fringes of the race for Europe, although Premier League consolidation could well be their focus rather than the dubious honour of the squad-busting fixture marathon that comes with Europa League qualification.

Down at the bottom, the depressing fact is that the three sides promoted from the Championship last season look favourites for relegation, although Sunderland and Aston Villa sit dangerously on the precipice if any of these teams can put a run together. Villa have been in the top-tier of English football for 103 years, meaning the drop for them would probably hurt more than most. Whatever happens, the Premier League finale looks likely to provide the usual diverting array of thrills and spills on the domestic front, although it's in Europe and beyond where the real judging will take place. 😓







ikki isn't one for teasing. Nothing we said could persuade her to start this photoshoot off with any more clothes on than was absolutely necessary. "I want all the horny men and girls reading to see my pussy straight away," the 22-year-old says. "I shaved it especially for them, so why would I hide it underneath panties? I want my photos to be remembered!"

We don't think you'll have any trouble on that score...













OFF YOUR HEDONIST

Some stuff for the summer lull..

★ DEAD SNOW ★★ WAKING THE DEAD ★★★ THE WALKING DEAD ★★★★ EVIL DEAD ★★★★★ DEADWOOD









Interstellar

(Warner Home Video, DVD £10, Blu-ray £13)

While Gravity won every award going and was a critical darling, the latest sci-fi epic from Christopher Nolan seems to have received a more mixed reception. Strange, as it's the better film. While Gravity is wonderful and a visual tour de force, it's thematically slender and



not really ripe for rewatching. By comparison, Interstellar is glacial in progress, but rich, emotional and moving.

We're on future earth, depleted and poor, prone to dust storms. Humanity needs to move, but the space triumphs of the past are now taught in schools as an expensive mistake. Farmer and father of two Cooper (Matthew McConaughey) is an engineer who finds himself leading a top secret expedition to discover if previous astronauts

The movie weaves its strands expertly. Will they find a new planet? Will Cooper's daughter forgive him for abandoning her? How much has Professor Brand (Michael Caine), the man behind the expedition, revealed about his intentions? The emotional punches are timed McConaughey receives fine support from Anne Hathaway, Caine, Jessica Chastain, John Lithgow and a duplicitous Matt Damon. It's not a film without its flaws - Hans Zimmer's score honks a bit - but it is an intelligent sci-fi epic. ***



Broadchurch Series Two

(Acorn, DVD £14, Blu-ray £14.99)

ITV's critical and ratings hit left itself a lot to do in even commissioning a second series. A murder case seemingly wrapped up, they could easily have said 'that's all folks'. Instead, they opened on a bombshell - a not guilty plea - and span off another investigation. It wasn't always successful,



but with David Tennant and Olivia Colman joined by Charlotte Rampling and Marianne Jean-Baptiste, it was still perfectly acted. Among the missteps? Meera Syal miscast as the trial judge, and a few legal inaccuracies that are actually quite easy to ignore as they serve the drama but in the era of twitter and 'have your say' it seems many viewers weren't as easy to please. And as sure as eggs is eggs, series three is on the way. ****

Battlestar Galactica

(Universal Pictures, DVD £27, Blu-ray £35)

There wasn't a great deal of buzz about this reboot of Battlestar Galactica when it first emerged, but word slowly spread that this was something special. Edgy, political,



and with fine central performances, this was a different beast to the silly soap of the original. Perhaps it peaked too soon, the second series working in an Iraq allegory that functioned brilliantly. Later on, it perhaps get too bogged down in mythology and deception, but the direction and acting never waver. This isn't just humanity versus the cylons, this is humanity versus itself, the cylons and cylons that look like humans. This box is exhaustive, packing in mini-series, spin-offs, webisodes, extended episodes and a panoply of extras. A great box for fans, and sceptics should take a look too. ****

The Hunger Games: Mockingjay (Lions Gate, DVD £9.99, Blu-ray £12.99)

Mockingjay Part 1 finds The Hunger Games in a bit of a holding pattern, assembling its pieces for next year's finale. It still has its moments, and a couple of fine set pieces, but those wanting to see more of Katniss killing people in a jungle will be sorely disappointed. A hat tip to the late Philip Seymour Hoffman too.



Spiral Series Five

(2entertain, DVD £18.57)

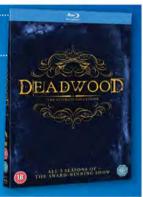
The fifth series of the French police and lawyers drama shows few signs of flagging, the key figures of Laure, Pierre and Josephine still holding our attention. It's easy to see why it's a perenially popular import – the French system is fascinatingly different, while the lives have the smack of authenticity.



Deadwood

(Paramount, Blu-ray £26.97)

Sadly culled while still in its prime, those in the know rank *Deadwood* alongside *The Sopranos* and *The Wire* in the HBO pantheon. There are some sync issues with this Blu-ray release, and scant extras, but the show stands up beautifully, packed with ripe dialogue, humanity in all its brutality and career best performances from much of the cast.



Cassic Corner

The Red Shoes

(ITV Studios, Blu-ray £5.59, DVD £5.40)

Give yourself over to the joys of *The Red Shoes* and you'll soon understand why this Powell and Pressburger classic is Martin Scorsese's favourite film. Moira Shearer is Victoria Page, a dancer torn between her ballet ambitions and her love for composer Julian. Anton Walkbrook is Boris Lermontov,



the impresario who looms over the ballet, twisting people's lives and demanding fidelity to the dance. Such a simple set-up is explored with real craft and depth, while the 20 minute ballet sequence at the centre of the film is breathtakingly beautiful. A film that challenges, rewards and entrances.

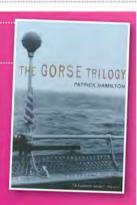




The Gorse Trilogy

Patrick Hamilton (Black Spring £9.95)

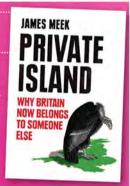
Bleak but blackly funny, Hamilton's Gorse Trilogy ploughs a similar furrow to his Hangover Square – people eking out a life on the edges of society, riven by class. Of the three, Mr Stimpson and Mr Gorse is the standout, while the later Unknown Assailant feels like a less successful foray into overfamiliar territory. He captures the grey of 1920's and 1930's England beautifully.



Private Island

James Meek (Verso £12.99)

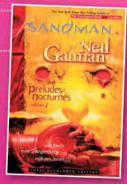
In a brilliant, controlled argument, Meek here demonstrates how privatisation has failed Britain. He details how things once owned by the nation are now sold off to foreign nations, equity firms and unaccountable individuals, while the free market benefits we were promised have failed to materialise. A great state of the nation book.



Sandman

Neil Gaiman (DC Comics £14.99)

Gaiman's Sandman is a landmark comic series, although you wouldn't necessarily know it if you start at the beginning. We meet Dream AKA Morpheus here, but at times this start is ponderous and text heavy, with Gaiman clearly finding his feet on the job in this genre. Luckily, he's soon up and running, and the series only gets better.



Elect Mr Robinson...

Donald Antrim (Granta £8.99)

Satirical and pitch black rather than dark, Antrim's novel of suburbia gone mad is a book to relish. In a town where the people are building moats around their houses and the local park is landmined, a teacher with an unhealthy obsession with the Spanish inquisition runs for office. Surreal, funny and, at heart, angry, this is a unique voice.







Garmin Vivoactive

http://sites.garmin.com

As Kit Bag has recently taken up running, we can increasingly see the point of a smartwatch. After all, dicking about with a phone to play music and run the Nike+app can be a bit fiddly. Smartwatches always claim to do a lot more than that though, and that's usually where they fall down. This does the lifestyle tracking, but won't do your heart rate unless you buy an add-on. It also doesn't help that the touchscreen doesn't work brilliantly and the phone was designed by someone with no sense of style or class. The search continues.

Pros: Dedicted app store. Cons: Not a looker.



Nintendo New 3DS

www.nintendo.co.uk

The Wii U has flopped, despite a clutch of brilliant games, but Nintendo still rule the handheld world. They just know how to make good games for a good portable with good features. The new updates work superbly. Whereas we always used to turn the 3D off on the old 3DS (it gave everyone headaches), the new Super Stable 3D tracks better and now works superbly. A second thumb stick helps too, and it seems that Nintendo have listened to customer feedback. A new processor should help game developers too.

Pros: Huge improvement to 3D **Cons:** If you already have one, a pricy upgrade.



Russell Hobbs 19720 Pump

www.uk.russellhobbs.com

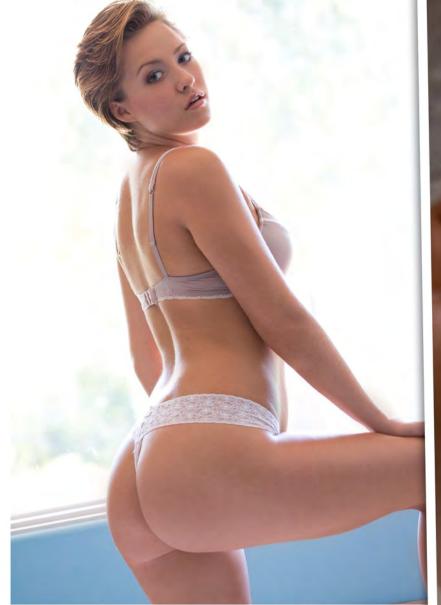
We don't usually cover coffee here at *Kit Bag*, but we sure do drink a lot of it. Usually it's just some Happy Shopper coffee we've nicked from reception, but given the time and money we'll go for something better. We've turned into a nation of coffee cunts, the word Barista tripping off our tongues as we pay £3 for some milky crap.

the word Barista tripping off our tongues as we pay £3 for some milky crap.

Much better to do it at home, although maybe not with this. Yes, it's a lot cheaper than a decent Nespresso machine, but it's a ballache to use, very noisy and so small you'll need to be shrunk down Fantastic Voyage-style to use it properly. Pay more, you get more.

Pros: Decent coffee on the cheap. Cons: Death rattle noise. ♣

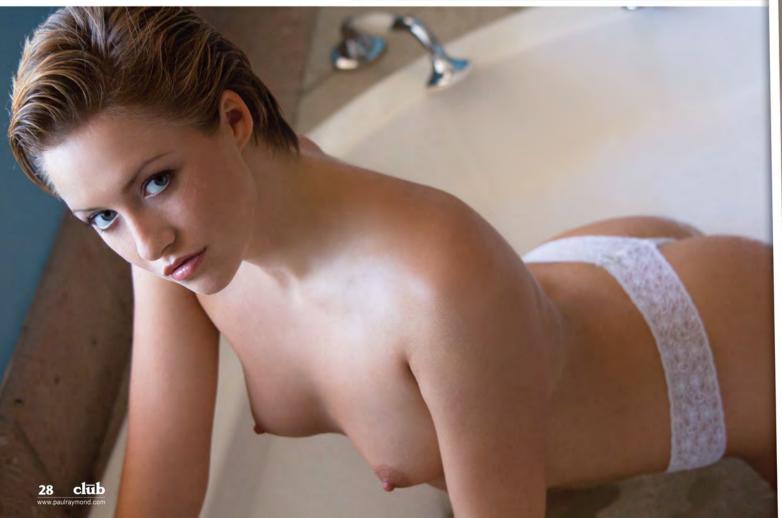




ailey gave us a call from the hotel room we'd put her up in and said, seductively, "Can you join me here?"

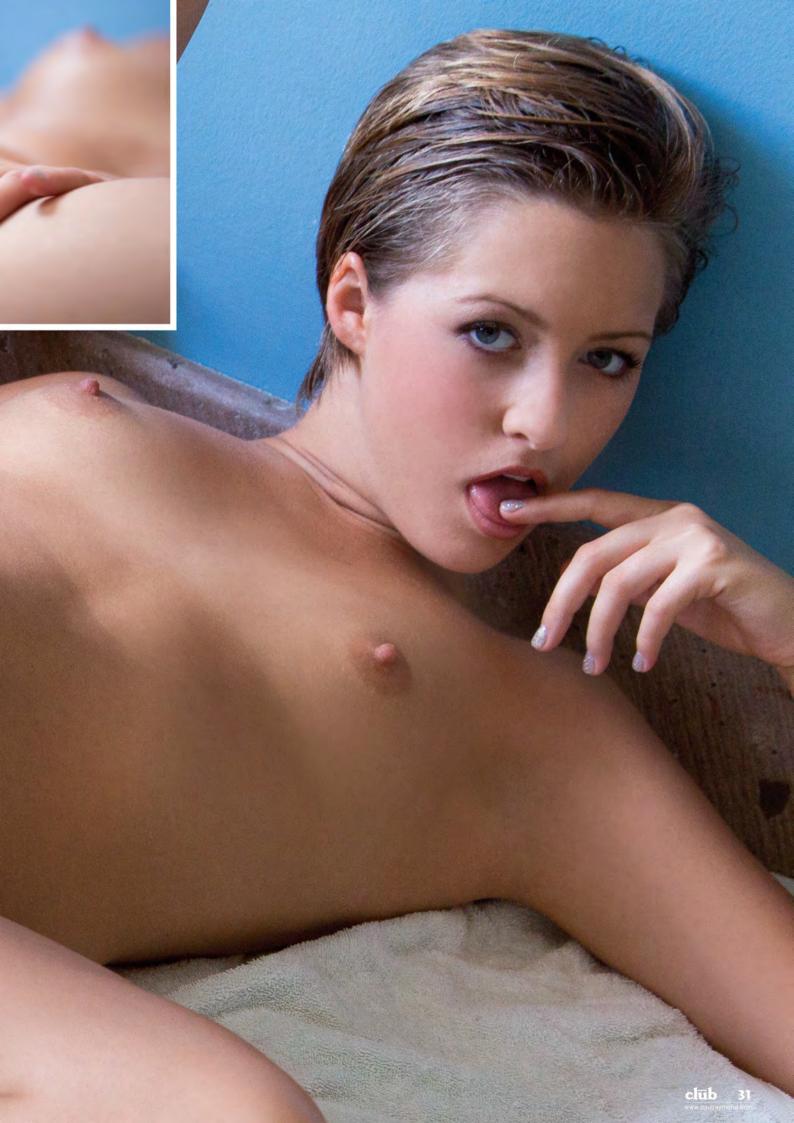
We don't look gift horses in the mouth. In the end, turns out there was no gift horse. It wasn't a personal invitation – she wanted to do the photo shoot in the 'amazing' bath in her room. As disappointments go, it's one we can live with. After all, it's not every day you get to be chief loofah bearer for a 20-year-old Australian hottie like Bailey.

"Do you want to stay the night?" she then asked. Looks like we did a good job with the loofah... •























Hi boys! The last chance I had to spend time with my good friend Lexi Lowe, we ended up getting a bit carried away with each other. This time, we'd like a bit of company. Yeah, we two can have fun with our fingers, tongues and a few sex toys,

but we're both cock-lovers at heart, so we could use some meat today.

How does a blowjob from the two of us sound? I can deepthroat, so Lexi can suck and lick your balls at the same time. Once you're good and hard, we want you to know that every

hole is a goal. And because I love the taste of Lexi's pussy, I want you to fuck it nice and deep, pull out and then fuck my mouth with your sticky cock. Sound like fun? Better start saving up that hot cum for us both then, we're thirsty girls!"











CRUFF JUSTICE!

This month's ins and outs...

RATINGS: * MICHAEL BUBLE ** DOT COM BUBBLE *** BUBBLE GUM **** BUBBLES FROM TRAILER PARK BOYS ***** BUBBLE BUMS

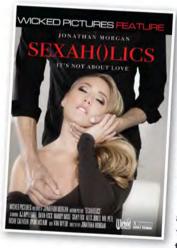








Sexaholics (Wicked Pictures)



Cute blonde AJ Applegate is the star of this month's winner, playing June, a sex addict in a 12 step program. From watching the film, you can tell the treatment isn't working, especially with a raw threeway that sets the tone. Shay Fox,

Mandy Muse and Dava Foxx are in the program too, and making similar progress. Thank fuck for that. ****



Bubble Gum Girls

(Digital Playground)

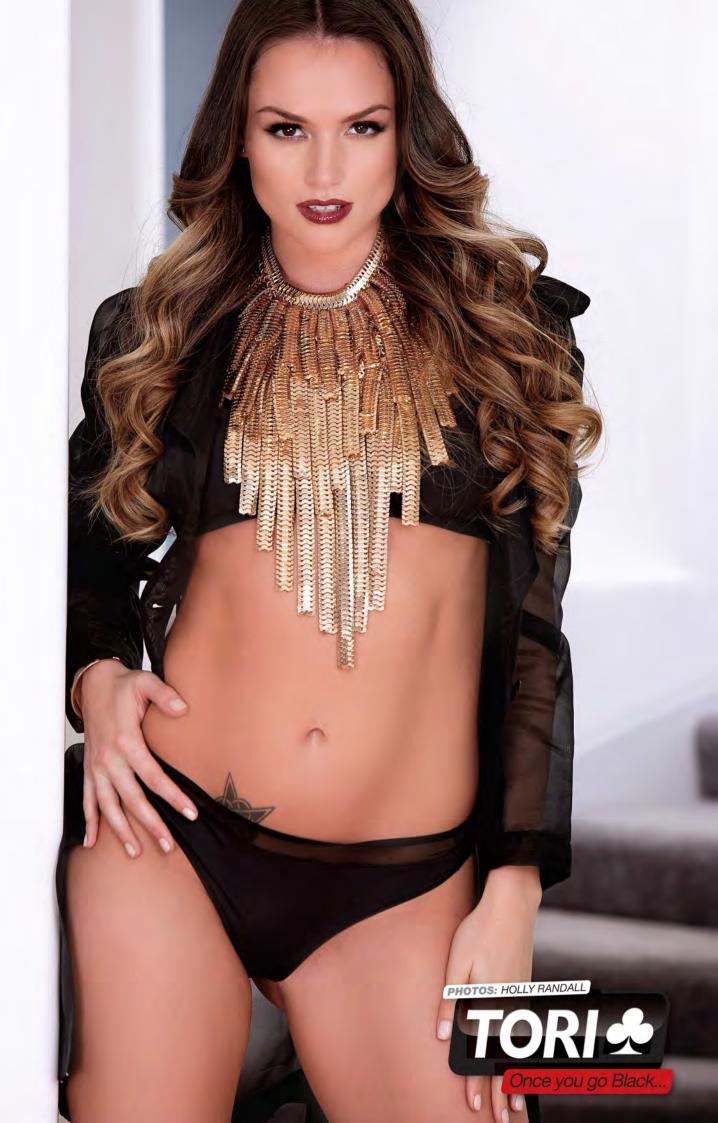
At first glance, this looks like a porn version of Scott Pilgrim cutesy girls who can fight while wearing coloured wigs. Happily it's not as tricksy or contrived as that flop, but it's definitely a stylistic departure for Digital Playground. Worry not, it's still sexy, with the likes of Katerina Kay, Alina Li and Dakota Skye all in action. It's silly and colourful, but the girls still like dick, and that's what matters.



Ball Hungry Russian Students

The names Isabel Sterov, Katarina Muti, Vica and Liona are not exactly of the household variety, but that doesn't mean they can't turn in a decent scene, weaning themselves off the vodka to feed on the only other thing that will see them through a cold Russian winter: bollocks. Yup, the film is heavy on the ball-sucking, something we would have not witnessed during the cold war. Enjoy it before the next one kicks off. ***







ori Black may have recently retired from adult films but that just gives her more time to pose for gorgeous photos like these.

"Glad you like them," the 26-year-old sweetie from Seattle tells us, "but I"m not retired just yet. I doubt you'll see me in front of the camera again, but I'm trying my hand at directing now. I did a scene with Alina Li for Elegant Angel, and I've got plenty of nasty ideas I want to see on screen. I learned a lot being a porn star, now it's time to empty my dirty mind!"























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THE

Amanda Peet

GL®BE THEATRE

All the world's a stage, and sometimes famous ladies get their norks out on it...

orgeous New Yorker Amanda Peet seems to have been knocking around screens both big and small for Yonks, but doesn't seem to have aged a jot. Despite being in her 40's, her recent topless turn in TV's Togetherness showed she's as much in her prime now as she was when she showed us her ta-ta's in 2000's The Whole Nine Yards, when she gave us a whole nine inches of wood (okay, wishful thinking). We'll keep on stroking it over her, if only for Peet's sake... [You're fired – Ed] •







TALKIN' BLUE

Got an experience to share? Then send it in to Talkin' Blue at the usual address and if it's up to scratch you'll bag yourself £50!





ONE NIGHT STAND!

We're snogging in the cab, on the way home from the nightclub in which we've just met. I've gone for the busty businesswoman look, a cute little pinstripe and black combo that shows off my bum to perfection. You've fallen for it, and have followed my wriggling arse all the way into the cab, heading for my place.

My hands are all over the bulge in your trousers in the cab, swinging my legs over yours in the back seat so my little skirt hikes even further up my legs. You're delving between my thighs, feeling the warmth of my sex over my knickers and savouring the dampness that lingers there.

As we arrive at my place, we fall in the door, land in the kitchen, and begin to rip each other's clothes off. You're down to your boxers, and I have just my skirt and tie left on when you grab me by my tie and pull me over to the kitchen work surface. I bend over it, my high heels pushing me up that couple of extra inches so my torso is level with the surface, making my arse stick out jauntily.

Starting at my ankles, your tongue explores the tensed muscles in my calves, licking and nibbling along the contours, kissing up the sensitive, inner parts of my legs. I shiver, and grind my pussy slightly against the surface in front of me. You work your way up the smooth skin of my legs, pushing them further apart, tickling around and up and down as your mouth delivers wet, electric kisses, going up and up. You reach the swell of my thighs, and pause to fondle my bum cheeks,

caressing the smooth flesh with your fingers. Hands dive between my thighs, stroking the inner swell of each leg, followed closely by your tongue, tasting the sweet flesh. I'm trembling slightly as you push my skirt up to my waist, and eye the juicy mound before you.

Your probing tongue darts forward, lapping along the length of my moist slit, pushing forward where my clit is, brushing against it briefly, before delving in between my pussy petals, and quickly darting into my hot hole. The swift sensation of penetration electrifies me, so I arch my back and move against the surface before me once more. Pulling my cheeks apart with both hands, you lick up my shaven cleft, all the way to the dimple of my asshole. You flick briefly across my dusky nook, before coming back down to my cunt, where you start to tease around my entrance.

Your hot sliver of wetness dances around, dipping inside and tasting the sweet tang of

and start to saw it in and out, lapping at my clitoris in insistent circles that draw my pleasure out of me, my delight pulses all around my body, focusing on the slippery motions on my cunt and the glorious vibrations around my clit. My orgasm's building, closer and closer, when you pull out of me, abruptly standing up.

The sudden removal of pleasure makes me squirm against the work surface once more, then I feel a hand on the small of my back, pressing me into the surface, pushing my tummy into it so my bum sticks into the air even more. I feel the warm, thick head of your cock pressing against my waiting cunt entrance, then the puckered flesh of my bumhole against your swollen, sensitive crown. You traverse my pussy, nudging my clitoris with your slick member, mimicking the circling motions your tongue was making just moments before, drawing me back up, close to my peak as I feel your smooth flesh sliding



I feel the warm, thick head of your cock pressing against my waiting cunt entrance"

my arousal. I push myself back into you, and you go forward once more, finding my little button this time, nudging my clit with your tongue over and over so my body's singing with pleasure, and my pussy begins to gently tremble.

Your fingers find my shivering hole, and you slide a fingertip inside to feel me tighten as you lap at my clitoris. Dancing gentle, ever-decreasing circles around my prominent little button, you feel my hot cunt thrill around your finger, clenching tighter as you get faster, flicking me with your tongue. Suddenly, you plunge a finger into my tightening cunt, making my body stiffen as a wave of pleasure washes over me. My slippery walls hug your finger as it slides inside me, then you start pumping, your finger squeezed up next to you face as you lap my clit, smothering your face with my sex juices.

You slip your finger back up me again,





against my most delicate area.

As I'm trembling on the edge again, legs quaking, muscles and tendons taut from the strain of standing up and being pleasured, you enter me with one smooth plunge. Filling my pussy up in one stroke, my tight hole squeezes your member as it enters me, pushing your foreskin back, as the ridge of your helmet pierces me, it adds an extra thrill, until I feel your balls slapping against my clitoris, and know you are entirely inside me. I grind back into you, gyrating my hips back against your groin, appreciating the sensation of being filled with you, rolling your pubis against my sensitive entrance so my pussy quickens even further, and the tendrils of orgasm pluck at my pussy.

You pull out of my shuddering sex, all the way out, to the tip, then place both hands firmly on my hips and plunge back in again. I pulsate my muscles this time, hugging you tightly as you squeeze inside me, then release once you are in, and squeeze on the way back out again, throbbing twat reluctant to let you go, sucking the jizz out of you. With a firm purchase on my hips still, you rock back forwards inside me, harder this time, so your groin slaps against mine, and your bollocks swing down underneath me and bash against my swollen clit.

Placing a hand on my back, you press down as you pump into me, so I keep my bottom up and squish my firm tits against the table. Keeping me thus firmly pinned to the surface, you pick up the pace, slamming in and out of my pinned form, using the other hand to grab handfuls of my hair and pull my head back, sometimes making me arch my back, and sometimes twisting it so I turn round, showing you my sweaty face, contorted with pleasure. Mouth half-open in a stifled squeal, my lipstick is all over my face from our earlier snogging session, and my eyes flash with the nearness of orgasm.

I pant at you as your prick pistons in and

out of my tight pussy, scrabbling for the edge of the work-surface so I can get a purchase to push back against you. My head is pushed against the wall with the force of your thrusts. your breath is coming in short grunts now, the harsh sound escapes your lips every time you slam into me fully with your prick.

As your balls tickle my bud, my orgasm's building through my straining form again, until you halt your pleasuring abruptly once more. Grabbing me by my arms, you pull me so I'm standing up straight, and turn me around. My breasts are reddened from being squashed against the work surface, and the nipples are tiny hard nuggets. You bury your face in my tits, licking them all over, and plucking at the nipples with your lips, before lifting me up onto the work surface, so I'm sitting on the edge, red and angry pussy at your cock level.

I'm shuddering on the edge of cumming when you hook an arm under each knee, hold me open, and keep me firmly on the edge of the table, glistening cunt at just the right height, then you kiss me full on the lips, and fuck into me again, your fat girth sliding up my hot and agitated pussy until you are balls-deep. Keeping my legs firmly held widely apart, you piston your cock in and out of my wet slit, lowering your head to my breasts once more, licking and biting them, rubbing your damp lips over my sensitive nubs so I squeal and thrust them forward into your face, your frenzied mouthing keeping the nearness of my orgasm at scream level.

You jab upwards at my G-spot, grinding your crotch against mine, hammering deep inside me as you bite at my breasts, gripping my legs tightly. You see your fat member emerge from my greasy cunt, slick and creamy with my juices, and fuck back into me fast, ramming your cock inside my pulsing pussy, so I shudder at the impact.

My trembling sex can take no more, and with a scream of joy, I give in to electric jolts of pleasure erupting through my sex and body. I jerk on the table, pussy convulsing around your pumping prick, squeezing it tightly over and over, the hot, slippery tube pulling and pulsating around your crown. You jab upwards one last time, sinking your teeth into my soft flesh, and burying your cock fully in my twitching pussy before exhaling, hard, and unleashing jet after jet of your creamy spunk inside me, so I feel your cock tighten and my pussy spasm as the hot liquid splashes against my quivering pussy walls, filling me up deep inside with spurt after spurt of your hot spunk.

As you withdraw, a trickle of sperm spills out of my pussy and onto the table, which we ignore, and run off to make the rest of the house as ravaged as the kitchen. Judith, Leicester

VIRTUAL THREESOME!

You'd think that having a blonde bombshell with the sexual appetite of a bunny rabbit as a girlfriend would be enough for any man. That, and the fact that I'm a part-time model and pretty damned adventurous when it comes to fucking ought to keep any man happy. So you can imagine my disbelief when Paul, my boyfriend of seven years, began moaning after I'd just let him do me up the bum for the third time in a week (I usually only let him do it every now and then as a treat).

"If you really loved me you'd do it," he whined, as he stroked my still trembling buttocks, smearing the goo from his cock all over my taut skin.

"Look Paul, I've told you a thousand times, I

ff I jerk on the table, pussy convulsing around your pumping prick, squeezing it tightly over and over"



will not share your cock with another girl just so you can tell all your mates that you've shagged two fit birds at the same time!" I said, reaching for his flaccid dick and giving it a few strokes, hoping for another dose of his sausage inside me before the night was out.

"Look, it ain't gonna happen and I've got a photo session tomorrow, so if you fancy sticking that organ of yours in my pussy before giving my tits a shower, you'd better stop whinging and let me suck that soft thing hard again." Paul shut up and I lowered my head onto his meat, sucking the sperm covered prick between my lips and feeling it grow instantly as I searched the tip of his knob with my tongue.

Now, don't get me wrong, I like fucking other girls and I wouldn't mind fulfilling Paul's fantasy as I know a few babes from the modelling world whom I have either had in the past, or wouldn't mind having in the future. The thing that pisses me off is that if I wanted to invite another guy into our bedroom for a fuck session, Paul would go ballistic. You see, he's as jealous as fuck and



even when we're out at a club and I'm strutting my stuff in a micro mini and heels with some little see-through top on (hey, I am a glamour model!), Paul is sitting by the bar seething and looking daggers at any bloke who comes close.

The weird thing is he doesn't mind the modelling and we've actually had some good shagging sessions with him flicking through a mag featuring me, while he imagines all these other guys wanking themselves stupid over his bird with her legs open. He's even fucked my pussy a few times and got me to describe what I'd do to a fictitious lover and, going by the amount of spunk he's fired, I'd have imagined a threesome with another man would be a goer.

Anyway, I'm not a malicious type of girl and when I did a photoshoot with lezzie Sarah, another blonde with a love of dirty, filthy, no-holds barred sex, a plan formulated in my evil little brain. I fancied Sarah like mad and desperately wanted to get my tongue into her cunt for real (we just pretended in front of the cameral), so maybe I could kill two birds with one stone, as it was Paul's birthday the next week.

"I have a surprise for your birthday, but you have to do exactly as I say or it just isn't going to happen," I told him the day before the big night. "I'll come back to the flat at 9pm and you will already be here, but you must wait for my return out on the balcony."

"What the hell are you planning?" Paul asked with a smile, thinking he had an inkling of the forthcoming prezzy.

"Just do what I say!" I commanded and left him to wonder.

Sarah knew what I was doing right from the off, and thought it very funny that my boyfriend would be outside peering through the half drawn curtains as we enjoyed each other's body. We went for a few drinks to get us in the mood before heading home in a cab. Sarah was dressed in a sexy leather mini dress and, as we drove to the flat, she slid



She flicked the switch on the vibrator and waves of pleasure coursed through my slit. I came..."

down the seat slightly so I could see her black stockings and the heavenly white flesh of her thighs. I couldn't resist a quick grope and in the dark of the cab slid my hand up her leg, over the taut nylon until my fingers rested on the damp lace of her panties. Jeez, I was horny and I could feel the love juice begin to flow in my pussy as I imagined the fun to come.

We entered the lounge of the flat and I noticed the curtains half drawn and the door to the balcony unlocked, so I knew Paul had obeyed my instructions. I fixed Sarah a drink and put on some schmaltzy music. Making sure everything we did was in full view of the window, we began to dance in the middle of the floor, my hands slipping around Sarah's leather skirt until they rested on her buttocks. I pulled her to me and we kissed, her tongue snaking around my mouth as she ground her thigh against my crotch. I was wearing stockings too, and the feel of our nylon clad limbs rubbing together made both of us sigh with lust and snog even harder.

Sarah's hands unbuttoned my blouse and deftly unclipped my bra strap, letting it fall to the ground. I arched my back so my tits jutted out and Sarah hungrily sucked one of my nipples straight into her mouth while squeezing my other breast in her hand. My nipples are very sensitive and immediately swelled to twice their normal size and became as hard as bullets due to Sarah's

horny attention. As she buried her head in my cleavage, I yanked down her skirt and slid my fingers beneath the lacy material of her black knickers. I pulled her bum cheeks apart, as I knew that would give Paul a great view of her tight little arsehole. Sarah was still gobbling my boobs as I pushed my middle finger into her crack and began to wriggle it against the entrance to her rear. After a few seconds and some added saliva I was inside and boy, was she tight! Sarah crouched slightly as it entered and stuck her arse out towards the window. I eased my digit as far as it would go up her and looked into the darkness of the balcony. Paul's face was just the other side of the glass and judging by the nodding of his head he was already jerking his dick to attention as he watched his birthday surprise.

Keeping my finger deep inside Sarah's bum, I moved to the posh antique sofa that Paul had wasted far too much money on and lay back as Sarah climbed on top of me. Her hand found my slit and expertly tickled my clit as my finger pumped faster and faster up her tight passage of delight. Sarah buried two fingers into my greasy snatch, swirling my sex sauce around before pulling them out and sucking the shiny juice off them

in a slow and deliberate display, guaranteed to excite our voyeur.

At the same time I withdrew my finger from Sarah's arse and twisted around so her sodden twat was poised above my face. Globules of love juice dripped from her hairless cunt lips onto my tits, neck and cheeks, I opened my mouth, allowing a few drops of the musky goo to hit the back of my throat, then lifting my head I stuffed my tongue right up her fanny. Fuck! She tasted amazing and I lapped and slurped on her gaping pussy for all I was worth. I knew Paul must be dying to join in, but as far as he was concerned, this blonde tart I was probing with my tongue didn't know he was there and, as far as he knew, she would probably scream the place down if he suddenly burst in with a raging

Sarah was actually sucking on the finger I had rhythmically plunged in and out of her arse and, as I sucked harder on her cunt, I felt a hard, cock-shaped object slide effortlessly into my pussy. She flicked the switch on the vibrator and waves of pleasure coursed through my slit. I came straight away and grabbed the false cock to use on Sarah. My face was covered in her cum already, but as soon as I jammed the pink toy up her hole the liquid squirted out from around it, spraying my face and tits with lovely thick cum. She was howling like a banshee as I banged it into her, supplementing the cunt action with a finger or two up her arse again.

As she collapsed in a heap on top of me, her stockinged thighs spread wide over my chest and her swollen gash still spitting cum over my neck, I scooped as much off my skin as I could and, bending my head back so I could see Paul's face, tipped the handful of gunge into my mouth, letting it ooze obscenely from the corners of my lips as I smiled and mouthed happy birthday towards my man. After Sarah had gone I gave Paul a few more prezzies that involved me draining the spunk from his dick four times, and he reckoned it was easily the best birthday party he'd ever not been invited to!

Kelly, Herts. &













































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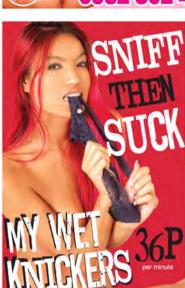


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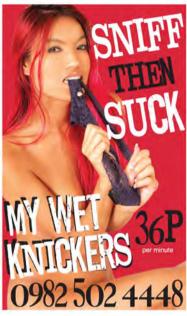


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Shagging Prostitutes In Amsterdam CODE: RM468

Description

A pimp takes extremely perverted sex tourists around Amsterdam's red light district introducing them to only the very best sex workers – meaning the girls willing to do anal, cum in mouth & other more bizarre sex acts.



Analized By Big Black Guys CODE: RM472

Description

Five red hot scenes showing babes in their 30s taking rock hard black penis up the bum. Phoenix Marie the hottie in the picture takes such an extreme anal pounding she nearly passes out. Very strong interracial sex DVD!



Gialicious - Guatemalan Tranny Porn Star CODE: RM476

Description

Gla Darling is a stunning, extremely feminine, pre op transsexual porn star with delightful curves, exceptional tits & a cock to die for. Watch her suck & f**k guys before taking their man meat up her ass. Also shows her in a dominatrix role!



Asian Wife Swap Club CODE: RM480

Description

Horny perverted blokes take their sexy Asian wife's to a swingers club to watch them get shafted by other men & have the footage made into a porno. If you like Asian MILF & want to see it put through its sexual paces then order now!



Hardcore Threesomes -Double Penetrations CODE: RM469

Description

Guys & gals aged 20 – 23 in hardcore threesomes. Some scenes show two girls pleasuring a guy in every way possible, others two lads getting stuck up young women vaginally, anally & of course orally – all without using rubbers!



Puerto Rican Hookers A**I Sex CODE: RM473

Description

The stunner in the photo is Gina Lynn a 34 year old prostitute from Puerto Rico who will let any guy f**k her up the ass for the equivalent of 100 pounds. Five fiithy whores in this DVD – all are gorgeous & each one a Latinal



Real Eastern European Girlfriends Aged 18 & 19 CODE: RM477

Description

Would you like to watch as Eastern European teenagers/real life girlfriends snog & get off with one another leading to tongues, fingers & dildo's. Imagine 18 year old lessies licking one another's c**t holes especially for you!



Venezuelen Teen A**I Creampies CODE: RM481

Description

Venezuela has won more Miss World competitions than any other country & it's not difficult to see why - just look at the picture. No she's not Miss World she's a Venezuelan porn starlet. Unzio & eniov!



Granny Sex Bombs - Over 70

CODE: RM470

Description

If you like them old with saggy tits, battered pussies & like to see them slowly blow a younger guy before taking it in both holes, special attention paid to the anal love canal then this is the amateur granny sex DVD for you!



Hairy Old Trollops

Description

Shows females 35 to 60 with really bushy minge holes having sex for your pleasure. Ranging from plain to plain ugly these women love getting shagged in all holes & cum with wanton abandon. Order now!



Hardcore Plumpers CODE: RM478

Description

Marilyn Mayson is the tattoed babe in the picture. She sports enormous natural boobies, a huge ass & plenty of soft white flab. She sucks c**k like a demon, shags like it's going out of fashion & loves to take it in the ass.



Romanian Girls Use Huge Dildo's - Amateur CODE: RM482

Description

Pretty Romanian teenagers (18 & 19) are paid a pittance to shove huge dildo's & vibrators in & out of their vaginas & A holes for your viewing/w**king pleasure. Want to see just how much these girls can take – order

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Uniform Cutie Pies CODE: RM471

CODE. RM471

Description

Five cute 18 year old babes in sexy uniforms – tartan mini skirt, white blouse, knee high socks & regulation tie get their young pussies & asses pounded by experienced older guys. You know these pretty darlings will make you shoot!



Shagging Outdoors

Description

Want to masturbate whilst watching horny sluts getting f**ked outdoors? Features babes in their late 20s as well as Chelsea Zinn a hot 40 year old MILF taking man gristle down their throats & up their booties in outdoor settings!



Jada Stevens & Friends Anal Sex Party CODE: RM479

Description

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BIG BANG THEORY!

Jane and I have been together for the last ten years. We're your typical teenage sweethearts, I suppose, since we got together when we were both 18, and have been faithful to one another ever since. When we met, Jane was still a virgin, so she's never experienced any other bloke than me. I, of course, had done my fair share of seed sowing, and although I wouldn't claim to be a stud. I've certainly seen more sex than Jane.

Being together for so long can put a strain on things, particularly in the bedroom, and Jane and I have spent the last few months trying to spice things up. The first thing we introduced were sex toys. Jane's always had trouble cumming, regardless of how long I spend between her legs, eating her pussy and playing with her clit. That was solved when we brought vibrators into the bedroom! Within a few minutes, Jane had her first multiple orgasm, and we haven't looked back since.

The problem is that we constantly seem to be looking for a new sexual high. That was brought into stark focus by recent events.

Recently, when we've fucked, Jane has taken to using her large dildo. If I'm fucking her, she'll suck on it. If she's sucking me, she'll fuck herself with it. Seeing her with even a fake cock in her mouth has always been a turn-on, but these things have a habit of biting

you in the arse when you least expect them. Particularly if you decide to take the plunge and visit a swinging club.

We're lucky that we live in the midlands, so we're not short of swinging clubs. We chose a Friday evening to go, and spent a while getting ready. Jane tied her long brown hair up and took a bath, shaving her gorgeous, meaty pussy until it was absolutely bare (she likes the extra sensitivity, I like the way it looks!) and then took an age to select an outfit. Finally, she opted for a thin summer dress that ended halfway up her thighs, and buttoned up the front 'for easy access', she said.

Underneath, she wore my favourite set of undies: a half-cup black lace bra with matching thong and hold up stockings. She looked stunning, particularly because her dress was a little too tight and made her large, 32C breasts strain against the fabric.

We arrived at the club at around nine o'clock. I'll admit to being a little nervous, but Jane was revelling in the experience. She grabbed my hand and led me inside, into the lions' den. I wasn't sure what I

monster choppers on them; watching them scythe their meat into the bucking blonde had me twitching in my jeans. One guy lay under her, his cock in her cunt, while his mate fucked her arse from behind. At the front, the third bloke was gently face-fucking her, holding her head in his hands.

"Let's go in," Jane breathed, "so I can watch and suck you off!"

We joined the quintet and Jane sank to her knees and pulled my trousers down. My hard-on nearly hit her in the face, but she was too busy watching blondie getting a length or three to notice. The bloke in the corner watched intently as Jane eased my foreskin back and swallowed my entire length. Her hot mouth wrapped around my cockhead and she sucked my glans in time to the fat cock sliding in and out of blondie's arsehole. Now that was something we'd never tried, I thought.

My reverie was interrupted by blondie turning to Jane and asking, "Fancy taking over for a while? I'm going to explode if I have another orgasm!" Jane looked at me, her

He was squeezing her arse, flicking his tongue over the material, pressing it into her bumhole"

expected, but it certainly wasn't as good as the sight that greeted me. I'd imagined swingers to be much the same as naturists, and had braced myself for a sea of overweight men in their late 50s, armed with rampant button mushrooms. What I actually saw, however, brought a stir to my groin.

The main room, which was decked out in sofas and bright futons, was full of people in our age range, from late 20s to early 40s. There was so much flesh on show that Jane looked at me and immediately started unbuttoning her dress! Within a flash, she was in her lingerie, and a woman appeared and asked if she could take Jane's dress for her for safekeeping.

Jane dragged me up to the first floor where there were various bedrooms and a party room, which had holes cut into the walls so you could watch the action. Inside, three men took turns fucking a petite, small-titted blonde on her hands and knees, while another man, presumably her partner, sat on a beanbag, slowly wanking his small cock.

The guys were all in their late 20s and had

pretty head bobbing back and forward on my straining cock. The blokes looked at Jane. Blondie and her partner looked at me. I felt my cock get harder still, if that was possible, and Jane detected it, laughing throatily around my meat.

I was in emotional turmoil. Half of me wanted to scream yes, the other half wanted to grab her and drag her away. Jane made the decision for me. Taking charge in a way I'd never seen her do before, she pulled my rock hard prick from her mouth and said, "Whoever fucks me has to wear a rubber."

Taking that as her cue, the blonde extricated herself from the mêlée and came over on her hands and knees, waving her arse seductively. "I'm going to suck his cock while he watches," she told Jane and the man in the beanbag. I was surprised at how quickly he accepted this. "He just likes to watch," she told me, having seen my surprised expression. "Welcome to the wacky world of swinging!" he grinned.

I watched my wife walk in between the three guys. They didn't waste any time. They





started stroking her through her lingerie. One guy took the front and sank to his knees, licking and chewing at her slit through her thong. His friend did the same from behind, squeezing her arse cheeks and then flicking his tongue over the material, pressing it into her bumhole. Jane turned sideways to give me a better view, as the third player slipped her bra from her shoulders and started sucking on Jane's erect nipples, kneading her fat tits with his hands.

"Fuck, you're so wet!" murmured the front man. He slipped her gusset to one side and started lapping at her cunt, the wet, slurping noises loud in the quiet room. Looking up, I could see several faces at the 'window' holes cut in the walls, all watching. The blonde sensed my nervousness, and stood up. "Don't worry, it's wicked fun," she whispered into my ear, stroking my cock with a firm hand. She moved behind me and stripped me, rubbing her small, hard tits into my back and cupping my balls and wanking me, looking over my shoulder to watch Jane.

My wife had been stripped by the lads and was now on her knees, three cocks aimed at her mouth. The largest must've been a good nine inches long, and Jane started sucking him off first. She pulled down on his heavy

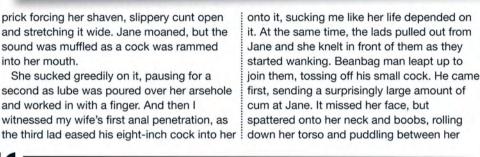
balls and ran her tongue around the head of his cock while his mates stroked themselves off and slapped the side of her face gently with their meat. Jane enveloped the cock in her mouth and sank down on to it, taking as much as she could into her greedy mouth. My stomach churned as I watched my wife deep throat him, pulling her face away from him and leaving long, sticky strands of saliva dripping from his dick. She repeated the process with all three, until they picked her up and put her into the now familiar doggy position. The big lad slid in underneath her, and I had a spectacular view of his massive



prick forcing her shaven, slippery cunt open and stretching it wide. Jane moaned, but the sound was muffled as a cock was rammed into her mouth.

She sucked greedily on it, pausing for a second as lube was poured over her arsehole and worked in with a finger. And then I witnessed my wife's first anal penetration, as

it. At the same time, the lads pulled out from Jane and she knelt in front of them as they started wanking. Beanbag man leapt up to join them, tossing off his small cock. He came first, sending a surprisingly large amount of cum at Jane. It missed her face, but spattered onto her neck and boobs, rolling



My wife watched as my cock slipped effortlessly up this stranger's tight arsehole"

tight arsehole. Jane tensed and then relaxed as his thick cock disappeared inside her tight hole, and I felt pre-cum ooze from my dick at the sight.

Blondie sensed I was now enjoying myself and, as Jane bucked forward on to the cock in her mouth as she was fucked, I felt blondie playing with my cock and looked down to see her rolling a condom on to me, "Fuck my arse," she breathed into my ear. She moved in front of me and leaned over the back of a chair, sticking her arse high in the air. I took up position behind her and stuck three fingers into her sopping cunt, pulling out enough juice to smear over the condom. I nudged my dick against her tight bumhole and called Jane's name. My wife watched as my cock slipped effortlessly up this stranger's arsehole. Blondie grunted and said, "Now, fuck me hard!" I did as I was told, building up from a slow rhythm until I was fucking the hell out of her, banging my balls loudly against her bum cheeks, all the while watching Jane being face-fucked and double penetrated. I could feel my balls aching, and my cock growing harder in blondie's arse. She felt it too, turning her head to me and saying, "Spunk in my face while your wife watches!"

I pulled my aching dick out of her arse and whipped the rubber off. Blondie pulled me in front of her by my cock and sank her mouth

legs. As he moved away, big dick groaned and fired an almighty load into Jane's face, catching her on the nose and forehead, just missing her closed eyes.

The sight of Jane with two loads of cum on her was too much for me, and I yanked my prick out of blondie's mouth and coughed what seemed like two year's worth of spunk over her pretty upturned face. As my first jet spattered into her cheek, she smiled and opened her mouth, catching the second and third strings of pearls between her lipsticksmeared lips as the other two studs unleashed their loads over Jane's face. drenching her in their sticky white seed. As the trio wiped their cocks on Jane's spunky face, blondie sucked the dribbles of cum from my glans and said, "There, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

No, it fucking well wasn't! Needless to say, the club has now become a focal point for our fucking, and we've met some fantastic people there. The next step? Home video! Alan, Oldham

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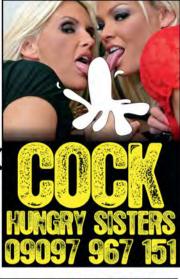












































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What our well-placed moles are telling us this month...

DOWN THE WIE





Being a rock star can be a riotous affair, all those drugs, women and carousel rides at airports... yes, you did read that correctly. Puddle of Mudd lead singer Wes Scatlin was arrested last month for hopping on

Denver Airport's oversized luggage carousel. The lead singer was quickly apprehended and carted off but it wasn't going to be a slap on the wrist for Scatlin this time, as a warrant for his arrest dating back to 2006 was still on issue for a failed court appearance. He's truly muddled his water this time.

HYGIENIC KICK!

Popular with homeless alcoholics the world over, hand sanitizer with its high alcohol content got Jennifer Olney, 48, into a predicament she couldn't wash her hands of. Police arrived at Olney's address after a report of a medication and hand sanitizer overdose. Reportedly, Olney had called her daughter's school and become abusive. The child was then fetched by her father while officers issued an ultimatum for Olney to check herself into hospital or turn her daughter over to social services. After agreeing to seek help, Olney kicked her daughter in the leg for which the officers arrested her, she is currently being held on bond.



BRICKING IT!



Evolution has gifted humanity with many things and yet some of us clearly haven't evolved at the same rate as the rest of the species. One thief in particular stands out from the rest, as CCTV footage in Ireland showed the unnamed man attempting to break into a Mercedes belonging to the landlord of the Pheasant Pub. However, the thief was ambushed by his own brick as it ricocheted off the window and knocked him unconscious. Gerry Brady discovered the man lying next to his car in a pool of his own blood, the suspect then attempted to blackmail him. Needless to say, the gentleman in question was quickly collected by the Gardaí who all had a good chuckle.

FLAMING NORA!



Jerome Clemons, 44, was arrested and charged with arson after torching a vehicle and part of his home. Clemons had been drinking when he asked his niece to drive him to the liquor store, and when she declined his temper flared. The suspect removed himself from the situation and allegedly set fire to a 4x4 ATV, which then spread to the corner of the house. His brother James Clemons put out the fire with a garden hose before calling the police. Clemons was arrested and taken to hospital with second degree burns. 🌲



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